

TWO AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

Edward Everett Hale, Preacher, Pioneer Short Story Writer, Professor of Americanism, Octogenarian Author.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the "greatest living Bostonian," and hence, as residents of the Hub are willing to admit, the greatest living American from many points of view, will have his eightieth birthday celebrated in a manner appropriate and fitting if not in accord with what his native modesty would suggest. Not only in Boston, his birthplace, but all over the Union, there will be a spontaneous, well nigh universal tribute paid to his worth as a man and his genius as an author, humanitarian and preacher of practical righteousness. His eightieth birthday falls due April 3, but preparations are already under way to make the anniversary one to be remembered. The home celebration will occur in the new Symphony hall, Boston, and the character of those having the matter in hand and of those who will participate shows the universality of the animating feeling toward this man who for nearly sixty years has been a preacher of liberal Christianity and for nearly eighty years an exponent of humanitarian principles in the broadest sense. Sectarian and political lines will be temporarily obliterated; men, wom-

en and children of every degree will join in honoring this octogenarian patriarch, whose life has been a blessing to his native commonwealth and a credit to our country.

Should it occur to any one to ask what Dr. Hale has done to merit such an outburst of popular enthusiasm, provided there be one not already cognizant of his accomplishments, it would be a more difficult matter to relate what he has not done for the uplifting of humanity and the progress of the race than what he has performed.

In the first place, Edward Everett Hale was born in 1812, when this country was a young nation, and, in the second, he aligned himself with the foremost friends of humanity almost as soon as he began thinking for himself, and that was earlier than the average man begins. Born in Boston, receiving his first schooling in its famed Latin school and graduating from Harvard college at the age of seventeen, Edward Everett Hale began life well equipped to take part in its battles. But part of his equipment came to him ready-made as it were, by his birthright in a line of noble ancestry, for he is descended from the best stock of New England and from the truest strain of that stock. His patronymic was derived, to go no further back, from John Hale of Beverly, Mass., husband of "Misses Hale," whose flawless character when she was accused of witchcraft in 1692 was in itself a sufficient refutation of the charge and caused the overthrow of that diabolical superstition. The Rev. John Hale, who died in 1700, was a graduate of Harvard and was in 1690 chaplain of a military expedition to Canada. His grandson, Robert, a physician and graduating from Harvard college in Sir William Pepperell's expedition against Louisburg in 1745 and served for years on the committee for colonial defense, while John's great-grandson, Nathan Hale, was hanged as a spy by the British in 1776. He was a graduate of Yale, and his statue by MacMonnies in City Hall park, New

York city, stands upon the spot where, according to tradition, he was executed. Edward Everett Hale is a grandnephew of the immortal patriot who declared his only regret to be that he had but one life to give for his country, his father, the second Nathan Hale, being a nephew of the Revolutionary martyr. Edward Everett's father was graduated from Williams college, was trained for life as a lawyer and became an editor when, in 1814, he purchased the Boston Advertiser. He was president of the company that built the first railroad in New England in 1816, and one of the earliest of his since famous sons' recollections is said to be the free rides he used to get on that railroad.

From the foregoing it will be seen that Boston's "grand old man," as he is frequently called, came honestly by his patriotism, his scholastic tendencies, his predilection for journalism and his interest in public affairs. All these were born in him, and, though we may regret that he was not born later so that he might have opportunity to race with us through this present century, he was born at just the right time. He himself would probably say that every-

manitarian work with less effort than any other person living, and that he has been forcefully suggestive to others. Take, for instance, his book "Ten Times One Is Ten," first published in 1870, which has led to the establishment of the "Lend a Hand" clubs all over the world, with the motto:

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in and
Lend a hand.

Homely words, somewhat disjointed, but words that went right to the heart of youth and, as usual with his words, right at the core of the life best worth living. Such has been his preaching, which, like his story telling, is animated with a high purpose, sometimes too evidently didactic, but always conveying a suggestive moral. Throughout all his books, which number nearly sixty, and almost innumerable magazine and newspaper articles there runs this moral, so evident that all may read and understand: "Plain living and high thinking, love of God and country, are obligatory upon every good citizen."

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Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Herpetologist, Neurologist, Toxicologist, Student of Character, Septuagenarian Novelist

THE success of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's latest novel, "Circumstance," and the announcement that there is soon to be issued in ten volumes a uniform edition of his popular works call attention anew to a prominent figure in the literary world. One of its most conspicuous lights, yet it is well known that he achieved renown in an entirely different field before he became famous as a novelist. Indeed, it would be difficult to arbitrarily classify the learned physician and decide out of hand to what order he should be assigned, for he has won distinction in several professions.

Born Feb. 15, 1829, Dr. Mitchell is now three years past the age generally accepted as that allotted to man, yet is as fresh and apparently as vigorous as ever. In fact, he did not acquire a great reputation as a novelist until after he had turned his fiftieth milestone and had securely based himself upon a professional reputation unique and unassailable. Though he received most of his early education in a grammar school and did not finish his collegiate course, he has since been made LL. D. by Harvard, Princeton and Edinburgh universities, besides being specially honored by medical colleges and scientific societies.

"And you see him before you now," replied the patient, smiling; "but I hardly feel that he is qualified to treat my case, though he is sometimes successful with others."

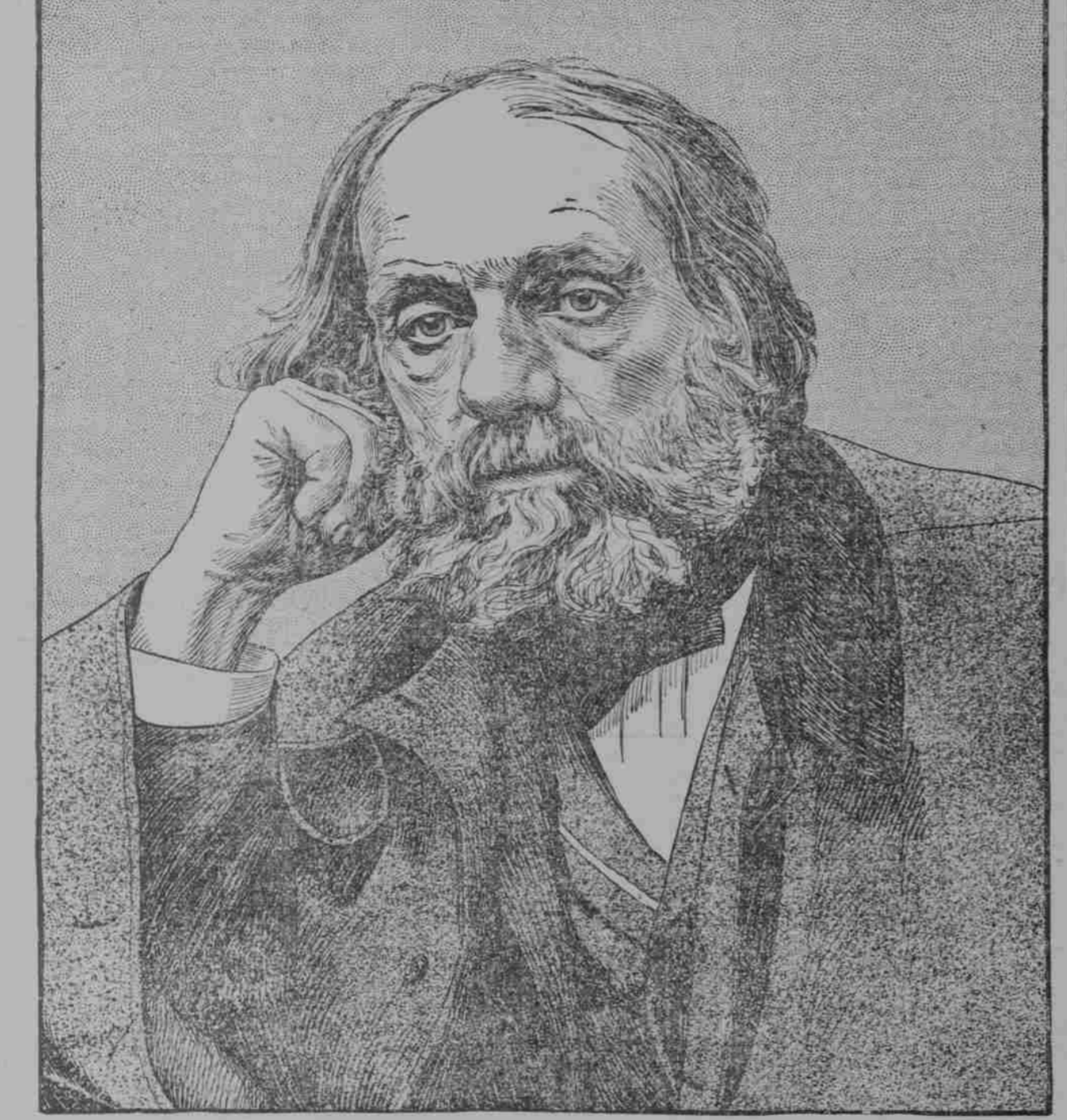
Another story told of his literary aspirations relates to his visit to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Of course the analogy between these two has already forced itself upon the reader—in fact, it is often alluded to. Dr. Mitchell went to Dr. Holmes many years ago, taking with him a collection of poems which he wished to publish. As a friend of his father and really desirous of success for the young literary aspirant, Dr. Holmes gravely advised him to put aside all thought of writing, either fictional prose or poetry, until he should have made his reputation as a medical man. How literally Dr. Mitchell followed this wholesome advice is shown by his great career, first as a specialist in nervous diseases and finally as a successful writer of both prose and poetry.

To one who understands there is nothing wonderful in the apparent transition from a pathological specialist to an author of successful fiction. As an analyst of diseases, dissector of secrets, inquirer into obscure pathological processes, Dr. Mitchell became an

the stage the following year. His poem "The Masque" was dramatized twelve years ago and under the name of "The Miser" was performed by Wilson Barrett.

In the preparation of his novels Dr. Mitchell has exercised the same care as in the preliminary work of his scientific articles, and his pictures of the times depicted are said to be faithful in every respect. As to his genius there is no question, but whether he will rank with the greatest of writers is still open. He is described personally as a tall man, muscular—even athletic—with a colossal head and most impressive face. He believes in outdoor life and is a lover of nature, like most long lived men. A native of Philadelphia, his address has always been a certain fine old house in Walnut street, where he has a beautiful home and a well stocked library. He and his family spend their summers on the coast of Maine, where in the morning hours of summer most of the author's literary work is done. It is said that, though he may have been many years collecting and collating the material for his novel "Hugh Wynne," he was less than two months putting the story in shape for publication.

Dr. Mitchell is still hard at work writing short stories and books, one of the



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

body is born at exactly the right time, being one of those who believe that "whatever is right," no matter how wrong it may seem. However, it so appears that Edward Everett Hale was born at the right time to take hold of things and help the world go round. As he had come honestly by his love for progress, so he came by his pronouncement, having been named after his uncle, Edward Everett, famous scholar and orator of New England. It has never been claimed by his friends that Edward Everett Hale is an orator; but he is a great deal more—he is a thinker. Mere mouthings of words sometimes passes for oratory, but Edward Everett Hale's deep, often muffled tones, like the dispassionate of a great organ, have frequently veiled rather than made clear the meaning of his words. Fortunately he was predisposed to writing as well as preaching, and during his ten years' pastorate in the beautiful city—then town—of Worcester, Mass., from 1816 to 1826, he laid the foundation for his fame as an author. Worcester is hardly second to Boston in its literary and scientific achievements and is the home of the American Antiquarian society, famed throughout the world, of which Mr. Hale is and long has been a life member. From the very first, indeed, the preacher who studied divinity and was ordained just sixty years ago refused to allow himself to be enchained by ordinary ministerial trammels. He had sympathies broader than his church, itself the most liberal in the world, and his interests are and always were worldwide.

Dr. Hale is the living exponent of that ambition, whatever thy hand finds to do that do with all thy might, and more, he goes about looking for things of the right sort to do, or, rather, things of the right sort come to him, as electricity to the wire, as the iron particles to a magnet. His is a nature always making for righteousness. He has always done what he considers as his duty to his fellow men and has done it most aggressively too. It has been said that he has performed more hu-

manitarian work with less effort than any other person living, and that he has been forcefully suggestive to others. Take, for instance, his book "Ten Times One Is Ten," first published in 1870, which has led to the establishment of the "Lend a Hand" clubs all over the world, with the motto:

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South Congregational Unitarian church of Boston and continued its active pastorate for forty-three years. He resigned in 1899 and is now its pastor emeritus. Under him that church became such a center of religious and social activity as to attract the world's attention. It need not be more than mentioned that his people—and their name indeed is legion—are attached to the good doctor by the tenderest of ties, and they believe that there is no other like him in the universe. As a religious influence perhaps Dr. Hale's preaching has been less apparent than his example, than his literary and social work; but personally he is the incarnation of faith in good works. He is no doctrinaire who would split hairs upon the edge of dogmatic controversy, and ten to one he is more likely to dodge a request for his "confession of faith" than to comply with it; but he is a living exemplar of some qualities which many who are more pronounced in their creeds do not possess, or, if they possess, do not exhibit. It is the most significant token of Dr. Hale's catholicity and extreme liberality that men and women of all creeds unite today to do him honor.

The keynote of his noble character seems to be sympathy. Possessing humor in an infinite degree, Dr. Hale yet feels keenly the sufferings of humanity and, like all true humorists, is penetrated to the core by the pathos of mere existence. This is shown by the look of inexpressible sadness in his large, dreamy eyes, with their gaze seemingly introspective and self searching. As to his personal appearance, he is tall and angular, in build something on the Abe Lincoln plan, with long, loose limbs, a figure clad in garments that do not always fit and a head crowned when outdoors by a broad brimmed felt hat. He has the same supreme contempt for clothes apparently as was held by the great Carlyle and is just as peculiar as to his preferences; but, what is more important, he has a massive head filled with an exceedingly fine quality of brain beneath that old slouch hat, and while "Tummas" Carlyle was a testy,

THE LIVING DYNAMO.

Be ours to heed its lessons while we may;
Look up for light to guide our devious way;
Look forward bravely, look not weakly back;
The past is done with; mind the coming track;
Look in with searching eye and courage true;
But when temptation comes, look out, look out!
Heaven grant all blessings time and earth to him whose life has taught us how to live;
Till on the golden dial of the spheres
The great century counts its gathering years;
While many a birthday tells its cheerful tale,
And the round hundredth shouts: "All hail! All hail!"

The "witty doctor," the ruling passion strong to the last, could not stay his pen from perpetrating a pun; but this defect aside, the poem is an eloquent tribute to the "professor of Americanism," and all will echo the wish that he may yet celebrate "round hundredth" birthday, and more—beat all existing records for longevity.

TRUMAN L. ELTON.

HAD EASY HOURS.

Sir John Adye, formerly governor of Gibraltar, always made himself very closely acquainted with the details of the office work carried on in his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the governor asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty.

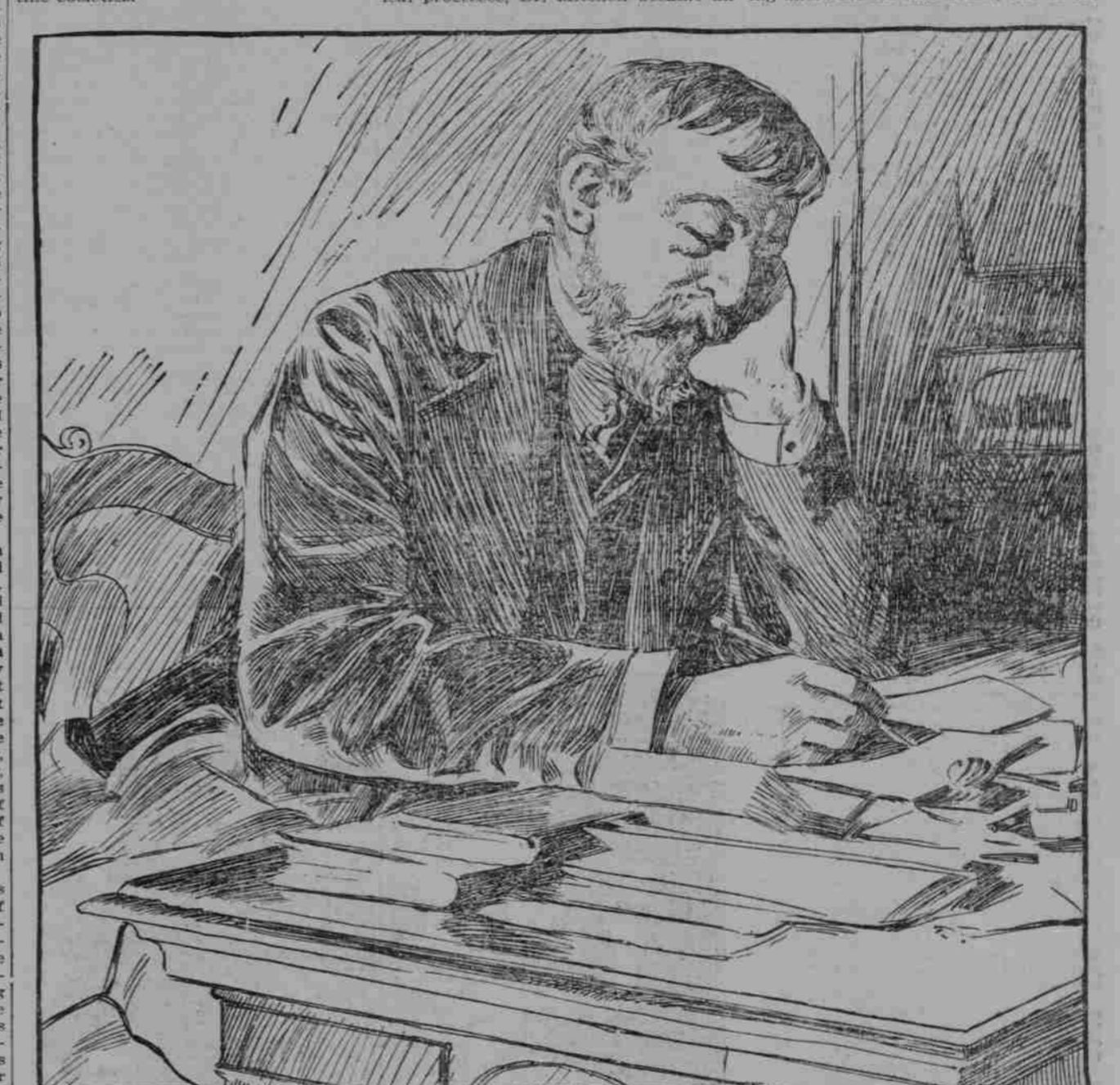
"Oh," was the reply, "I usually stroll in about 11 or 12 o'clock."

"Stroll in!" said Sir John in a rising tone. "Then I presume you do not leave till late?"

"Well, I usually slip off at 1 o'clock or thereabout."

"Slip off at 1!" exclaimed the veteran in his topmost note. "Pray, may I ask what department you belong to?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the office clocks."



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL IN HIS STUDY.

Graduating from Jefferson Medical college in 1850, Dr. Mitchell immediately began the practice of medicine. He served as a surgeon in the civil war and as long ago as 1859 presented the world with a careful study of poisonous alkaloids. The science of poisons seems to have fascinated him, and he became an authority not only on toxicology, but in herpetology, or serpent study, with direct reference to the venom of rattlesnakes. As a herpetologist, then, he may be said to have laid the foundation for his wonderful career as an analyst, toxicologist, naturalist, therapist, especially as a neurologist and finally as a poet and novelist. His career, in fact, is an illustration of what may be accomplished in a life of average length devoted to study and investigation. It shows also that what at first may be taken up as an avocation, a side employment or recreation, may eventually become the dominant factor in one's life.

Starting out as an authority on poisons, and particularly on poisonous serpents, Dr. Mitchell pursued his investigations along what may be called the lines of least resistance and finally became an authority on nervous diseases. There may seem to be no connection between the two, but the transition came naturally enough. At all events Dr. Mitchell is famous as the greatest neurologist of the country, probably of the world, and his celebrated "rest cure" for nervous people would alone have made him famous.

In this connection, as showing how literally the "medicos" do not follow the injunction "Physician, heal thyself," may be cited his experience with a French specialist in nervous diseases whom he went to consult when in Paris. Learning that Dr. Mitchell came from Philadelphia, the specialist—Dr. Chiolet—expressed astonishment that a man afflicted with a nervous trouble should go outside that city for treatment. "Why," he said, "you have a physician there better qualified to handle your case than I am, and if you like I will give you a letter to him. You should consult him immediately on returning home. He is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous neurologist."

Dr. Holmes was right. By subordinating his literary aspirations to the work for which he was manifestly created Dr. Mitchell finally turned aside from a medical practice of from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year and achieved another reputation with his pen. Not everybody can do that; very few, in fact, can do it; but he did, and today his readers are numbered probably by the million. It is too late now for an analysis of his works or even a superficial criticism, for they have long since run the gamut of criticism and emerged triumphant. It has frequently occurred that the writer whom the public regards as a beginner, merely because it had not known him before, had been writing for years, and so it was with Dr. Mitchell. He began writing many years ago not only his scientific treatises, which number more than 100, but also fictional sketches for children, such as "The Wonderful Stories of Fuz-Buz, the Fly and Mother Graham the Spider." Graduating from that class, he brought out in 1880 his "Hephzibah Guinness," followed by a volume nearly every year, until the great success of his life, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which appeared in 1897, at once established his reputation. "The Adventures of Francis," another success, which was dramatized by his talented son, Langdon Mitchell, and placed upon

former appearing in one of this month's magazines. If he lives out the years that seem now to be in store for him, he may have a list of works equal to that of any American author of the higher class.

WALLACE O. WILCOXSON.

CAPTAIN'S FINE RECORD.

One of the most popular of the transatlantic captains was Horatio McKay of the Lucania, who recently retired from active duty after forty years' service on the bosom of the Atlantic. Captain McKay has crossed the Atlantic over 850 times. Altogether he has traversed a distance of 2,550,000 miles on the deck of a steamer.

Few captains, too, have risen so rapidly in their profession as Captain McKay. He entered the Cunard company's service forty years ago. After six years' service he was made a captain of a small ship and commanded at various times the Umbria, Servia and Oregon. When the genial skipper told the writer of the very great number of times he had crossed the ocean, it was remarked that he must know every foot of water and every grove bank between Liverpool and New York. "Yes," he replied, "but for all that I don't believe I could distinguish one from the other."

In his early days he thought it a great matter when he carried 140 persons on one voyage. Now the passengers and crew of a modern "greyhound" number 1,000 souls. The vessels themselves cost from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 to build. It is no light task to pilot such a ship across the three thousand odd miles of water that separates the two great continents. Fog, fire, derelicts, icebergs and collisions are dangers that beset the mariner in summer and in winter.

REMARKABLE PAINTER.

It is remarkable that Vereschagin, the Russian painter of battle scenes, should do such capable work when one remembers how terribly his right hand has suffered. A leopard bit off the middle finger during a battle and the rest of the fingers were very badly smashed in a sled accident.